

The Democrat.

Telephones:
Doniphan, No. 30. Mutual, No. 80.

Local and Personal News.

Rev. N. Y. Gary, of Liebig, was in town the first of this week.

George Dawes was here from Oxy Monday attending to business.

Mrs. Sol Wall is at home from a visit at Farmington, since Sunday.

R. J. McChristain was up from Oxy Tuesday attending to business matters.

Earl Moore was here from the bluff over Sunday visiting friends and relatives.

L. A. Harper was in town the latter part of last week attending to business matters.

Perry Evans is here on a visit to his family. He has a run on the Charleston branch.

W. A. Tyra, of Harris creek, was in town Monday attending to business and shopping.

Several hunting parties are contemplating a trip up the river the latter part of this week.

Dr. J. T. Redwine was here from the bluff the first of this week on professional business.

The regular November term of circuit court will convene here Monday. The docket is not large.

W. W. Spell, of Oxy, was in town Monday trading and shaking hands with his many friends.

Ed McKenzie returned home from St. Louis the latter part of last week where he had been on business.

Harley Spies came up from Oxy Saturday night to spend Sunday. He is engaged in running a flouring mill there.

If you are in need of money see Geo. D. Sloan for terms and time before borrowing. Office in court house with probate judge.

County court met in regular session Monday and has since been grinding out the business that has been coming before them.

Judge I. L. Smith, came up from his home at Naylor Monday to be present at the setting of county court which met that morning.

During the past week several new street crossings have been put down in the east part of town. A good improvement that was badly needed.

Andy Taylor, of near Gaiges' Ferry was in town Saturday attending to business matters. While here he made this office a pleasant call.

Uncle Frank Dudley is having a well drilled at his home north of the court house this week. Shell McDaniel, of near Oxy is doing the work.

The Holiness meeting that has been in progress here for several weeks closed Sunday night. There were several new members added to the church.

Rev. R. W. Reynolds, who ten years ago was pastor of the Presbyterian church in this city, died at his home at Bentonville, Arkansas, last Saturday, November 1st.

It is rumored around town that Dr. Claud Richmond, who is out in Colorado, has taken unto himself a wife, whether this report is true or not we are unable to ascertain.

L. W. Stein was here Saturday trading and looking after business matters generally. He stated that his wife who has been very seriously ill for some time past was able to be about and was in town that day.

Roy Catlett is building the remainder of the side walk along his property on East Locust street. The city is also making a fill on the same line of walk and when this is done there will be very little board walk left on that street.

G. W. Watson was here Monday from his home three miles northeast of Naylor attending to business, and while here left this office an order for sale bills. He expects to go down in Arkansas in the near future where he will probably homestead.

Hallow's was certainly observed here last Friday night, or at least things looked mighty peculiar the next morning. Wagons, buggies, fencing wire, and in fact every thing that was loose and lots of things that was not loose were turned over or rolled away. Some damage was done.

Only a few days ago the forest trees hereabouts were draped in deep, dark green, and gave no hint of the glories of paradise. Now, behold, Solomon, in all his glory, was never clothed as they are. All the colors and shades of colors, except possibly, black, white and blue, are to be seen in amazing array on the hills and dales of this section. There is not a shade of yellow, of red, of green, of brown, that cannot be found in the glorious array. The magnificent shades of the "Bright Angels Trail" is commonplace in comparison with the beauties of nature's handiwork on the leaves of the forests hereabouts.

C. P. Harmon was over at the bluff the first of the week on business.

Rev. Father Suell went to St. Louis the first of the week on business.

W. A. Pearce was in St. Louis this week attending to business matters.

Mrs. Lela B. Neal is home from a visit to Washington and other points.

If you want to borrow money on long time and easy payments see Geo. D. Sloan.

Kit K. Shemwell and family are home from St. Louis where they had been on a visit.

Abe Stigers, of Current View, who has been in Iowa for nearly a year past, returned here yesterday.

Grandpa Sheppard celebrated his 92nd birthday last Friday, and many friends called and congratulated him.

Chester Pearce and family are home from their trip to Oklahoma where they went a couple of weeks ago on a visit.

Dr. E. Dennis, of out Purman way, was in town today. The old gentleman is nearly 80 years old and is getting feeble.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Doherty are the proud parents of an 8 pound baby girl which came to their home at the bluff last Sunday.

Rev. E. L. Rodgers, S. H. Lawrence and Dr. C. H. Martin went to Poplar bluff Tuesday to attend a meeting of the Baptist association.

Roderic Proctor and Jesse Ponder are in St. Louis this week buying a stock of drugs for their new store which they will start right away.

James P. Randolph and son of Pine were in town the first of the week attending to business matters, and while here made this office a pleasant call.

We stated in our last issue that dear turkey and quail could be killed on and after November 1st, but we were mistaken as only deer and turkey can be killed during November and December, and quail only in December.

A hunting party composed of gentlemen from St. Louis went up the river Monday to be gone for several days. In the party were, O. O. Petty, H. Ronney, H. Bender, L. Seeds, G. Standitz, Josh Lewis, Jr. Zede Smith took them up, and they expect to camp at Cherokee.

Last Saturday afternoon about 5:30 while trying to get his cow in the lot Will Parker had the misfortune to let his leg break in two places, the horse he was riding slipped and fell on his leg with the above result. Dr. S. A. Proctor was called and set the fractured parts and he is getting along all right.

Rev. James Shiel, pastor of St. Benedict church of this city united in marriage at the Catholic parsonage in this city last Sunday morning, Mr. A. T. Best, of Egypt, Arkansas, and Miss Rose Clark, of Tucker. The groom is a son of Nathan Best, of Gatewood neighborhood, and the bride a daughter of the late William Clark, of Tucker. Both are well known and have many friends who wish them much joy and success.

The little 3-year old son of Dr. and Mrs. Worth, of Owenmount farm, died last Saturday night after a short illness. The little fellow was taken suddenly ill about 11 o'clock that morning and died that night. The father, Dr. Worth was not at home having come to town bringing a relative, Mr. Bush, who has been spending the fall at Owenmount, in order that he might take the train to his mother's home in Kentucky, a telegram having been received that morning early announcing the serious illness of his mother. The body of the little boy was taken to St. Louis Monday for interment.

The house of David Crook, about eighteen miles up the river, in the Mabrey Bay neighborhood, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday morning of last week, and a six months old baby, of the family burned to death. Mr. Crook was at the stable doing the chores and Mrs. Crook had gone out to the lot to milk the cow, when they saw flames bursting from the building. They rushed to the house but the interior was a mass of flame and the baby could not be reached though the father was severely burned in trying to get into the room where the baby lay. There was nothing saved from the house as all its contents were destroyed.

A sad incident occurred at the little village of Aaron, in the southeast part of the county, last Saturday night. A little four year old daughter of Mrs. Brooksie Crabtree was so badly burned that she died the following morning. The mother and little son had gone to a school entertainment across the street away from the home, and before going the little girl had gone to sleep and been put to bed. The building caught on fire and was burning fiercely in the roof when the fire was discovered. The crowd from the school house rushed over to the burning building and the mother ran into the room, which was all ablaze by that time to save the child. The mother was badly burned about the face and neck and on the arms and hands, but she brought out the little girl, the bed from which she was taken being on fire. The house and contents were destroyed and the people had to work hard to keep the flames from igniting other buildings.

Sudden Death of Aaron Price.

Aaron Price, a well-known citizen of Current River township, dropped dead in a field of his farm last Monday forenoon. He had been about in his usual health and had gone to the field to sow some grass seed. One of his sons had gone with him and had returned to the barn lot to get some marker stakes used in sowing seeds as guides for keeping the sowing straight. On the young man's return to the field he found his father lying on the ground dead.

Neighbors were called and the body carried to the house. An inquest was held by Dr. Proctor, coroner, and the jury found that he came to his death from apoplexy, or an attack of heart failure.

Mr. Price was not only well-known but was well to do. He was a kindly man and a good neighbor and had a large circle of friends in his section of the county. His age was 57 years, and he leaves a widow and five children most of whom are grown and some of them married. The funeral was held Tuesday and the body interred at the Price cemetery, near the deceased's home.

A Circulating Library.

W. W. Johnston, of Johnston's Pharmacy, will leave Sunday for St. Louis where he will purchase books for a new circulating library that they are establishing in their up-to-date drug store. The books will mostly be of the fiction nature and when it gets in operation, anyone can get good books to read for a nominal sum, which entitles the purchaser of a membership card to have as many books as he can read in a year's time, and at the end of each year the holder of a card is entitled to a book as a premium which becomes the property of the member.

Nervous and Sick Headaches.

Torpid liver, constipated bowels and disordered stomach are the causes of these headaches. Take Dr. King's New Life Pills, you will be surprised how quickly you will get relief. They stimulate the different organs to do their work properly. No better regulator for liver and bowels. Take 25c and invest in a box today. At all druggists or by mail. H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis.

George D. Sloan has money to loan on improved farms on reasonable terms. See him before placing your loan. 34c.

Our Best Offer.

THE RIPLEY COUNTY DEMOCRAT and the Daily St. Louis Republic, America's foremost Democratic newspapers both now \$2.50 for the entire year.

This paper is pleased to announce to its readers a special combination offer with the Daily (Rural Route) Republic.

Subscribers who have paid in advance for this paper can get the Republic by paying \$1.50 additional.

The Republic is a newspaper carefully edited for you, your wife and family. News of the world, from complete Associated Press dispatches, our direct wires, and special correspondents on every part of the globe bring you the leading national events, complete market and financial reports and political news of the day. Our newest feature—a woman's page—is filled with a wealth of information that women want. Brilliant editorials, the latest sport page, clean humor and clever cartoons will afford you and every member of your family much pleasure and profit.

All this will be mailed to you and delivered at your door every week day in the year. This offer is open only to those who receive mail on rural routes or by star route carrier.

No subscription accepted at this price for less than one year.

This great offer brings you both papers at the lowest price ever made. Mail or bring your subscription to the Ripley County Democrat. Right now.

ST. LOUIS LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Special report to Ripley County Democrat National Stock Yards, Ill., Nov. 4, '13.

The condition of the lamb trade was very satisfactory today. Receipts 4000 and strength resulted. Choice grades 10 to 15c higher. Top was \$7.65 with bulk of the good \$7.25 to \$7.50, fair to good \$6.50 to \$7.25 and culls to fair lambs \$5 to \$6.50. Fat sheep steady at \$4.40. Culls and throwouts at \$2.50 to \$3.50. Bucks \$3.50 to \$3.75. Fat goats \$4 to \$4.25. We look for moderate receipts and a good strong market the balance of the week.

Hog receipts 10500. Packers are bearing the market at every turn in the road and there was no exception made today. Trade 10 to 15c lower with choice hogs topping at \$8. While declines will curtail receipts at times, price improvement will be only temporary and advise the shipping of fat hogs.

Cattle receipts 7000. This trade reflected an active trend with transactions 15 to 25c above last Friday's low close. We anticipate a satisfactory cattle market during the immediate future unless receipts are excessive.

National Live Stock Commission Co.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses have been issued by Recorder Young since our last issue.

November 1st. Ludwig Kopaszewski and Mary Szymark both of Budapest. November 4th. Ezra Borth, Grandin and Sophia Crim, Ponder.

The first number of the Doniphan High School Lecture Course was pulled off last Saturday night, at Wall's opera house by the Strollers Quartette. A good house greeted them.

Uncle Bill Emmons the past week traded his property here in town, just south of the high school building, for the John W. Cochran farm about two miles out from town on the lower Greenville road.

Public Administrator J. J. Seymour the past week sold his farm to a gentleman from Jilinois, and gives possession right away. He will sell his personal property at public sale on the 10th and will move to town for the time being.

Central Business College SEDALIA, MO.

I can save you from 25 to 50 per cent of your own time if you employ more than one stenographer. I can save you from 10 to 30 per cent of your time if you employ only one stenographer. Don't say I wouldn't have one of your Stenotype operators. That's what many said about Shorthand writers after I started my school in Sedalia, and were afterwards ashamed of the way they had exposed their ignorance. The first shorthand writer was employed in Sedalia after I started Central Business College. A prominent lawyer in Sedalia told me some years afterwards that he then thought he'd always write his own letters and documents by hand and would never trust dictating them to a stenographer. "Now," said he, "I would not do without a stenographer for several times the cost. I would not go back to the grurgery of writing my documents for any consideration." This is just the way I feel about the stenotype. I would not go back to dictating my correspondence to shorthand writers wholly, for any consideration. Listen! I began dictating at ten o'clock yesterday morning to Miss Mary O'Bannon on the stenotype, pushing her notes to other stenotype pupils for transcription, as each letter was taken by Miss O'Bannon; thus, as I was dictating each letter to her, the previous letter was being transcribed on the typewriter, and by 12 m the largest mail that I have dictated for years was out with only one little mistake. The same mail dictated to shorthand pupils would have taken four times as long for me to dictate and would have required four times as much of my time to correct the letters, and then some of them would have gone out with inaccuracies that would have prevented the letters getting results. If you want a stenographer, one of my stenotypists will not charge you a cent if you are not satisfied. I don't say there are no good short hand writers, but I do say where there is one who will make a good stenographer in short hand, there are twenty who will make good stenographers with the stenotype. Stenotype is as far in advance of shorthand as shorthand is in advance of long hand. Don't be like the cow's lateral extremity, always dragging along behind. Be up with the procession of advancement. Roger Bacon was imprisoned for advancing the theory of reasoning that is universally used now. The ones who persecuted him were the ones who fought advancement. You don't want to be that kind of a citizen, do you? Let me bring some stenotypists to your office and do your work for you a day and convince you if you are in doubt. The superintendent of the state school for boys at Booneville, Mo., wanted a good stenographer. I sent him a young lady stenotypist, who had been taking stenotype less than six months, with the understanding that he was to let her return and finish her course. You'll see below how well he was pleased: "Boonville, Mo., Sept. 18, 1913. Prof. C. W. Robbins: You have asked me what has become of Miss Ella Palmier. In reply I will say that we have kept her too busy for her to think about returning to school now to finish up her course; though I hope to get to a place where we can release her for a few weeks for that purpose. It is but a justice to her as well as a pleasure to me, and I am sure a pride and satisfaction to you, for me to say that she has been all you fed me to hope for, and more. She has been at all times diligent, painstaking, alert, and quick to see and understand, and skillful to execute. She is the third stenographer and office assistant I have had in this position, and she is the best of the three; and I was able to say for each of the others that they were good. Miss Palmier has another quality of excellence which I note to be characteristic of your students as I have found them; namely, she has the right sense of obligation to her employer and allows him to make all the revelations and explanations of his own business affairs. There are no leaks through the stenographer. She is pleasant, courteous, yet always prudent. She is highly efficient and you need have no hesitancy in recommending her and any other of your students who have had a like training. I am, very respectfully and thankfully, yours, J. D. Wilson. Supt. Missouri Training School for boys, Booneville, Mo." Write for full particulars regarding this practical and up-to-the-minute business college, address—C. W. Robbins, Sedalia, Mo.

IN THE LINE OF DUTY

By C. N. OLMSTEAD.

In the long ago days, when transcontinental travel by steam was passing from the dream of the visionary into the actuality of construction, the regular army was called into service to protect engineers and laborers from the curiosity and malice of the redmen, who viewed the invasion of men and instruments across their hunting grounds with uncertain feelings.

Among the officers Lieutenant Jack Harrison was easily most popular; the construction corps also had nothing but good words for his easy comradeship and unselfish sharing of burdens which did not belong to the routine of his life at all. So when, finding himself a day's gallop from the county which was the home of "the girl I left behind me," Mr. Harrison asked for leave to drop behind for a brief call, his request was cheerfully granted by his colonel. Back on time came Lieutenant Jack, and to the amusement of all, perched on his saddle bow rode a beribboned puff-ball of a doggie; a dog for a lady's lap, oddly contrasting with his rough surroundings. It seemed "the girl" had thrown her pet up to Jack at the moment of parting, he had already given his horse a jab to be under way, and the wild notion came to him—her dog would soft-pedal some of the ache in his heart.

Close to its new master kept the dog, shared his blanket and his food—also the masculine fingers tried to do things to the mat of curled hair and the ribbon about the little neck. But crossing the desert, the water became very scarce. It was easier to push on than to turn back, scant allowance was served the men, none for the dog; but Jack gave up his limited supply, in spite of protest from the men, for the comfort of his dumb pet. A change came over the one-time lively Jack, hardly explained by the misfortune others were bearing without a whimper. He became moody, slipping off with his dog to look at the cool stars and suck bullets to help quench his thirst. Mercifully, water was soon found, but Jack did not brighten. In fact, his eyes became more bloodshot, his face more haggard. Lying face down in the white glare of the desert moon, a still little form huddled motionless under a nearby sage-brush, a fellow-officer found Mr. Harrison late on the day the water was come upon.

"What is it, Harrison?" brought an answer in strangled tones, "Her dog bit me, and I cannot bear to look at water, yet I am dying for a taste of it." With an arm about the resisting Harrison the chum pushed back to their joint tents. Tumbling the contents out of a kit until he found a silver cup, trophy of the running track at West Point, he stuffed a handkerchief into it to deaden the noise and filled it to the brim with the now abundant water. One moment he pressed the goblet to Harrison's lips, who clutched it and tried to drink, the next, the silver was crushed in his hand like a cup of paper and thrown from him. "No use, I can't!" groaned the stricken officer.

"There's no hope, old friend. The poor little beast bit me; it was mad from thirst and heat. I killed it to save the others, now I must be killed also. It's the only way. If you will not fix it up for me with a bullet, I will have to do it myself. Dear old man, you wouldn't make a murderer of me, would you? If I am shot by the squad it's just in the line of duty—my duty and the others'. It's the only way. For the sake of all, it must be done and at once."

There was no moodiness about Harrison at the crisis, but his friend was utterly stricken.

As the sun threw its advance guard of rosy banners over the eastern horizon they reflected on the calm, proud face of Harrison facing the squad of his men. A small black square over his heart showed the purpose of the tableau. The breeze of early morning gently stirred his hair, his eyes turned a moment toward the sky bending over the valley and her he would never see again. But quickly returning to the stricken faces, and shaking the hands of those who nervously fingered the guns they at that moment hated, he tried to comfort the hopeless band.

"Boys, please do not mind. I am glad to die before I hurt any of you. I know the poison is running through me now, God bless you. Don't tell her anything but that I died trying to save—don't remember anything but that you are saving me from a hideous end."

Three times the officer in command tried to give the word, three times he failed. Harrison, refusing a seat for his eyes, raised them to the flag hanging dejectedly where a nerveless hand had failed to raise it above half-mast.

When the sun burst in splendor overhead, a hero lay dead with a smile on his white lips.

Home Life.

Mr. Widdle—Well, my dear, you've made so much fuss because I don't spend my evenings at home like a good husband and father, that I have resigned from the club. Does that suit you?

Mrs. Widdle—It's just splendid. Now hurry through dinner and get dressed, so we can go to Mrs. High-up's ball; and tomorrow night we'll go to Mrs. Tiptop's party; and the next night, you know, Mrs. Wrayup has a reception; and we mustn't forget the Globetrotters' reception the night after.

TWO DEAR OLD LADIES

By T. M'MAHON.

Miss Mary Henley and Miss Maggie Brown were two dear old ladies who lived together in a tiny house at the edge of the city. Miss Mary had made wedding gowns for young women of her own age in her youth, and she went on making dainty baby things for the children of the brides, and later, debutante gowns and wedding dresses for these same children. Always cheery, always interested, never seeming to miss the joy of life that came not to her, quiet content to know all things vicariously, she was an institution in many homes, where "Miss Mary's days" were as much a part of the household regime as the weekly sweeping days.

Miss Maggie was "not strong." That was the way she and Miss Mary talked of the half invalidism that made Miss Maggie unable to partake in Miss Mary's labors. But that lack of strength did not prevent Miss Maggie from doing many things which red-cheeked girls with bounding blood in their veins could not have done. A certain wealthy woman, one of Miss Mary's patrons, contributed a small amount to the support of the home each month, in addition to her payments for Miss Mary's labor, and the two lived comfortably, and attained a reputation for charitable works.

Was there a bazar in the little church? Miss Mary's needlework was sure to fill the table and Miss Maggie's cakes were sure to be the most delicious and the first sold. Did a beggar come to the door? There was always food, clothing and a word of cheer for him. The clothing? Oh, yes! Miss Maggie had no pride or semblance thereof. She went quite as a matter of course, to richer households and begged frankly for cast-off clothing for her "poor people," and she got it and gave it, with a kindly injunction, a bit of encouragement or a quoted text, as need seemed to demand. If it be true that vagrants have their code carved and chalked on doors and walls, certainly the rule of their tiny yard must have been cut to pieces or marked beyond need of paint.

But peaceful years brought a grief to these two. The pastor of their church, beloved of them for 20 years, died, and his widow moved elsewhere. Replacing him, finally, after trials, came the Rev. James Martin, elderly, and, strange to say, a bachelor, for a wife is more than a wife to a minister. She is a necessity of life, a thing taken for granted. No one could surmise why the Rev. Martin had never married, though many tried. His kindly manner, his gentle helplessness in things material and his deeply spiritual seriousness quite won the hearts of the flock, and more brilliant aspirants were forgotten in the general demand for the gentle little man who taught such sweetly comforting doctrines.

The Rev. Martin took up his abode in the parsonage and found a housekeeper. But somehow, the housekeeper, though zealous, and quite proof of her position, seemed to omit many of the little attentions that naturally belonged to one ministering to the needs of a man of God. There was a certain shabbiness about the attire of the devout preacher, a certain gauntness of cheek and whiteness of slender hand that made these two maiden ladies, especially, ache for his welfare. They entered into council, appealed to the heads of the church, and finally it was arranged that the parsonage should be let, and the minister should live with Miss Mary and Miss Maggie.

Here the little front parlor became his study, past the door of which Miss Maggie tiptoed, finger on lip, when the doorbell rang. Nourished by Miss Maggie's delicious tidbits, his clothes kept in immaculate order by Miss Mary's careful fingers, the pastor became plumper, and developed a tendency toward the making of mild jokes. His improved garb seemed to give an assurance he had lacked before, and his sermons became not only consolation for the elders and the weary, but inspiration for the young and glowing. Miss Mary sang over her work like a canary, and Miss Maggie's severe garb became frilly at neck and wrists and enlivened by bows of colored ribbon. They bought flowers and real magazines, went to picture shows together now and then, and laughed together like young school-girls over their household tasks.

One day Miss Mary was fitting a froth of lace and silk over a bride-to-be. The bride, before the glass, looked at herself, and then at the little brown lady before her, on her knees. The contrast woke something new in the girl's heart and she leaned over and kissed Miss Mary's softly wrinkled cheek.

Miss Mary looked up, startled for an instant, and then comprehending.

"I know just how you feel, dear—bless your heart! I hope you'll be as happy as we are always."

"The little bride looked her wonder. 'You see, Maggie and I have each other, and we know what love is,' said Miss Mary, as if that settled the matter, and in a flash the little bride understood.

Willie's Education.

Willie—"Say, Pa, you ought to see the men across the street raise a house on jacks." Pa (absently)—"Impossible, Willie. You can open on jacks, but a man is a fool to try to raise on them—or—that is—I mean, it must have been quite a sight."